

SONG.

*Tune, St. Stephens Day
that holy Morn.*

“As for *birth* I need not fear
competition with Mr. Cal-
laghan,”

Sir N. Colthurst's *first* Address.

.....

“Many a true word is spoken in jest.”

ÆSOP.

There are three Candidates in town,
I tell the truth to thee, man,
And I'd not give a silver crown
For any of the three men,
And yet I swear it is not fair
That all should batter Jerry,
I'll let him pass then, I declare,
And with the rest make merry.

His father's father we are told
Once kept the old red cow, man,
I doubt it not, but I make bold
To ask him do they know, man,
If they would trace, the glorious race,
Of Colthurst or of Hely
That they could show a better case
For those they puff so gaily.

'Squire Hely's father's father, then,
(And he can mount no higher)
Flourish'd a hedge attorney's pen,
Was surnamed Jack the Liar,
And plagu'd the country to the west,
For he dwelt out towards Kerry;

Now I can't see, sir, I protest,
How this surpasses Jerry.

His father was a knowing blade
As ever wore a wig, man,
And no one plied a prettier trade
In parts than this same prig, man,
A deep-read Provost, sir, he was,
A dashing Hussar Major,
A Serjeant learn'd in the laws,
A Packer and a Gauger.

In Law, State, Army, or Excise,
His Sons got places pretty,
And to wise Kit he did devise
His right in this our city;
Where is the birth I wish to know,
In honest Hely's case, man,
His grandsire an Attorney low,
His father a vile Placeman.

Sir Nicholas——O! not a word
Of White-boys, or the like, man,
To loyal Colonels 'tis absurd
To talk about a pike, man,
But whence springs he? I pri'thee do
An answer now afford, man,
Why from a body servant to
High Inchiquin's old Lord, man.

I must confess the Old Red Cow
Is quite as good as this man,
So boasts of birth we must allow,
Is nothing but a quiz, man,
There's none of them is higher than
The merest scum of earth, sir,
So if we vote for any man
It need not be for birth, sir.